

ordinary hope in the boy; a purpose, a dream, not yet confessed, of giving him an education began to be cherished, and in May, 1796, at the age of a little more than fourteen, he was sent to Exeter. I have myself heard a gentleman, long a leader of the Essex bar, and eminent in public life, now no more, who was then a pupil at the school, describe his large frame, superb face, immature manners, and rustic dress, surmounted with a student's gown, when first he came; and say, too, how soon and universally his capacity was owned. Who does not wish that the glorious Buckminster could have foreseen and witnessed the whole greatness, but certainly the renown of eloquence, which were to come to the young stranger, whom, choking, speechless, the great fountain of feelings sealed as yet, he tried in vain to encourage to declaim before the unconscious, bright tribes of the school? The influences of Exeter on him were excellent, but his stay was brief. In the winter of 1796 he was at home again, and in February, 1797, he was placed under the private tuition, and in the family of, Rev. Mr. Wood, of Boscawen. It was on the way with his father, to the house of Mr. Wood, that he first heard with astonishment, that the parental love and good sense had resolved on the sacrifice of giving him an education at college. "I remember," he writes, "the very hill we were ascending, through deep snows, in a New England sleigh, when my father made his purpose known to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept." That speechlessness, that glow, those tears reveal to us what his memory and consciousness could hardly do to him, that already, some-